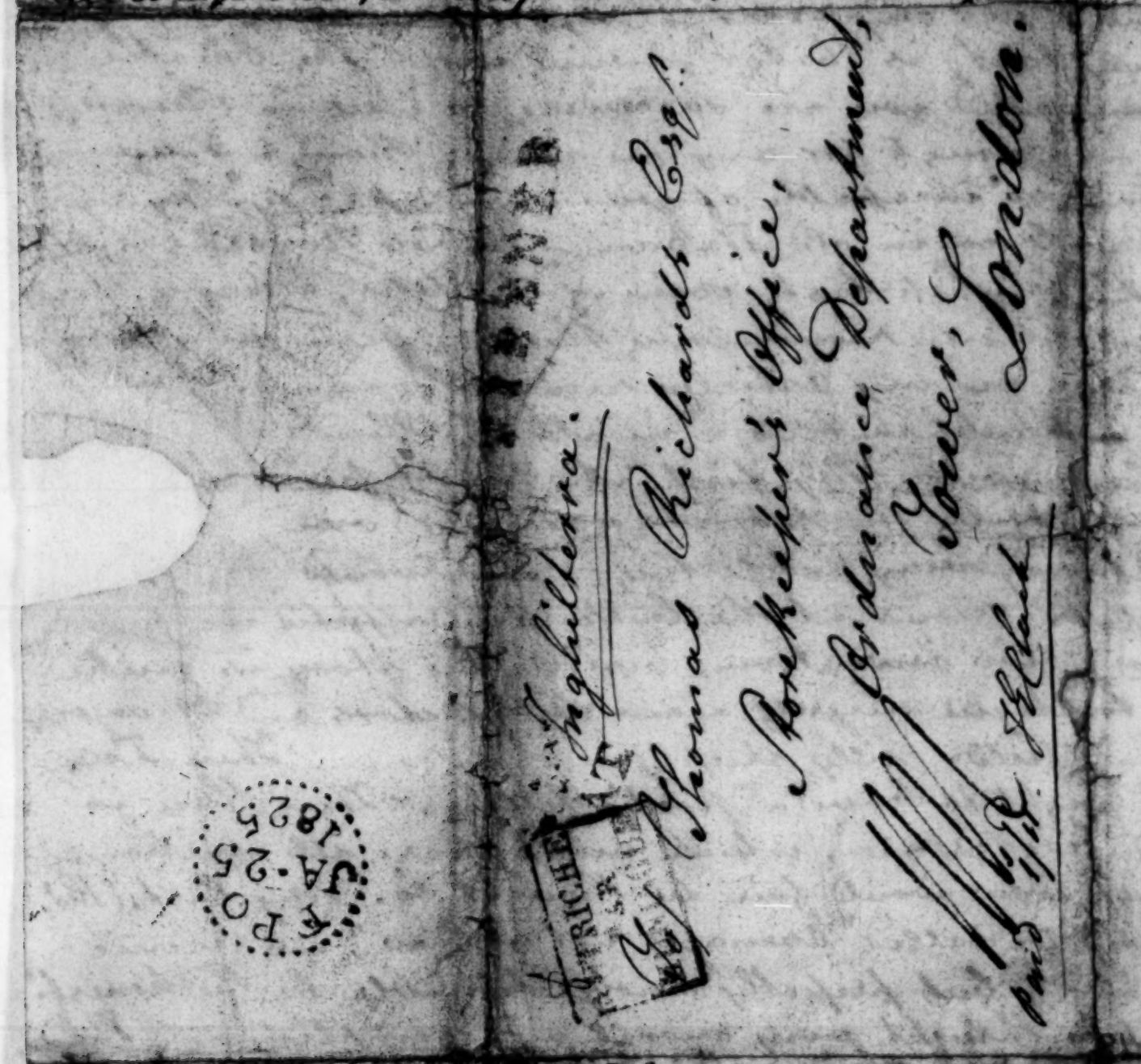
Florence. 10th Jan.y 1825.

Many thanks, my dear Richards, for the kind offer you have made to remit me half of the £50 nearly three months before I requested any part of it. This I know how to value, albeit such a course would be of some disservice to me. Either you did not thoroughly read my letter, or I have written it unintelligibly. There I meant to ask if Mr. Chas. Richards will consent to my drawing upon him a bill of £50 due on 1st July next; and this is now the essential point to be answered. By such means I shall be in possession of the money here on 29th March, as the bill will be at three months date. Whereas, by your plan, I cannot touch the first £25 till 21st April; and I have engaged to repay before the end of March, more than that sum, which I have borrowed from a friend, as I was much in want of present means. You will perceive I had arranged every thing, so as not to take any money from you till 1st July, when the two years will be expired. Should your brother object to my drawing upon him, I must forbear; but I earnestly intreat you will as soon as possible give me notice of such an objection, that we may enter into an agreement for some other plan. As he is a man in business (known as such) tho' it will be rather difficult. there will be no difficulty here with the Banker, — as I recollect mentioning before, — yet, strangely enough, this — the grand point for me to be acquainted with — is left by you utterly unnoticed. Again, I wanted to hear, if possible, some news of Mrs. Edwards, — not a word in answer, whether you know any thing or nothing. How very odd this seems to me! Yet you are not a jot worse than others. I had to write five times to Mawcer, asking one of the simplest questions in the world, yet of importance to me and to another, before he would answer, — so that the best part of a twelvemonth was wasted, and when the news did at last come, it was too late! Again, he wrote me word he had sent my Article on "Love's Labour Lost" to the New monthly; I told him how anxious I was to write in a Magazine, and begged him to give me intelligence when it might be inserted, or that would invite me again to write there; now I am here in Florence, told an Article with that title appeared in 1st Dec.r, — but whether mine or not, I cannot tell, — so I am left waiting here with Articles ready to forward, and unable to do so from the lack of this little bit of information, thus throwing me for one or for two months out of receipt of money. O, the blessings of precision!

He may never tell me, – for his head is full of love and marriage – so pray let me not lose more than <u>one</u> month more, but see if my Article has been printed or not, & let me know; the signature I gave was ~~H~~ H. M. and it began with "Why this should be Shakespeare's labour lost is more than ours love for the Poet can answer." I'm left in a considerable predicament about this, as the Editor and I (or at least I with him) have had a quarrel. L. Hunt, with many kind expressions towards yourself, and thanks for your compliment, says he has twice before declined being Godfather, tho' both parties were particular friends of his, and that he can not consistently be one. He talked of writing to you, but he is greatly harrassed just now with all sorts of writing. As for names his favourite for a boy is Alfred, – so it is mine, – for a Girl. I like Emma, Emily, or Marian. Remember me kindly to Mrs Richards, and say I hope she will be far better than expected before you receive this. You may rely on this, – I never wrote an Article in the London, – never wrote any but what Mancur has been duly informed of. (I'm now proceeding to answer every thing in your letter.) Severn will not certainly be married, – at least to the lady he once had some thoughts about, and I hear of his being quite "fancy-free". I can't comprehend what you mean in your question about the "Racemation in my neighbourhood" – when you explain it I'll do my best to answer. Caroline goes to an English Day-school, where he learns his native language very fast, – ditto his alphabet; he is remarkably well. I'm glad to hear so good an account of your little ones. I'll tell you in few words the story of Shelley and Lucy Westbrook, as I've had it from L. Hunt and another of Shelley's friends, – both account precisely alike. She was a girl of little or no education, and he at 18, married her, hoping to mould her mind his own way. She however turned all his visionary schemes to air. After a time her conduct was such, that her infidelities were scarcely the worst part, so that he could not live with her. They seperated, when he allowed her exactly <u>one half</u> of his income. This was not enough for <u>her</u>, tho' it was for <u>him</u>, and he borrowed more & more money for <u>her</u>, till he could not longer find her food and impudence. One evening she went to her own relation's house in London, where, on account of her bad conduct, the door was shut in her face, and her wants unrelieved, – on which she turned from that very door, and went and drowned herself. If Shelley was to blame, why so are you and I. No one was to blame but herself, and her unreclaimable disposition and wanton extravagance

There is a reading room here, where three English daily papers, and some Reviews are taken in; I do not subscribe, as the terms are high, but sometimes I buy a day's reading for two pauls; besides they have a tolerable library; if I can afford such a matter I will subscribe. I am not, and perhaps never shall be invited to Lord Burghersh's, — unless I'm at the trouble to procure a letter to him, — so I can give you no critique on his Opera; I know no more than that it is greatly commended. Should I meet with Mr. White, ad, I'll pay him all the attention in my power; tell Mr. Dinc t, with my compliment, he might have given him a letter to me; on another occasion, please to bear in mind that Mancel has my exact address. The standard Talent to in Admonis (the very last) is that beginning with "The breath whose might &c". I am glad you are succeeding so well in Music; one thing to excel in is enough for any one man; though I am sorry you are so incapable of your own capacity. My reading for some time past, has been in old Italian, — the old Novelists; and I have cooked up for the English taste some of their Tales, altering them at my will, and often entirely remodelling them. — being any thing but translations. There are my articles ready to forward. I would, if the Editor chooses, publish two a month. L. Hunt thinks I have done them well. My first "An honest fair" will (mind, I prophesy it) be the subject of at least one Melo Drama; it is certainly very interesting, — and, would you think it? some of the scenes, at the latter part, affected me to tears, tho' all that part is my own invention; besides, the story is quite novel. I've no wish to plague myself again with Actors and Managers; let others browze on my fields (silly sheep!) and welcome. Then I've a shorter story, which ought to have a poet's telling. Then there is one of "Philolaus and Diordespina", which must please all affectionate wives, as well as those who would fain be thought so. My last, (tho' it was the first I wrote) is called "Damages not at law"; — a comic affair, a cuckoldy business, but perfectly unobjectionable to the honest reader — indeed it must be thought very moral and exemplifying. I had great fun in scribbling it. All these, and many more that I have pitched upon in these great store-houses of invention, have never been, to my knowledge, either in an English or a French dress. Tell me how you like "The family Journal" in the New Monthly; I believe it began with the year. Nobody here can be called idle; every body that I know works at something. By the by, I've gone on with a fairy tale already reaching to fifty or more common romance pages, that pleases my friends, — but I've quitted it for something more immediate advantage, if I can get it. Do you think a fairy tale would be a purchaseable commodity? As for my intended Novel, L. Hunt persuaded me not to pursue the idea; though I had worked up every thing ready

to set down. He wishes me to write a Novel, founded on my own experience, not thrust with history. I cannot see the difficulty, as how to go a few volumes, of Novel-writing together, — me is, how will my commodities sell? — If any Bookseller would enter into a bargain fairy tale, or a collection of old Italian Tales and I say this without a particle of vanity, — is known in Article I have printed, they m tolerable. But when I read such flat stuff as knowledge here. — Hadji Baba for instance, — where all the events ar into tiresome part, and link as you do, of connection the only question with sure for nothing, else with me for a Novel, a remodelled. I'm his man fullest or foolest exten be my warrant. bad or get under my and hear my opinion, if



cannot forbear saying "I too might be an Author!" If my prattle runs on about myself, let my excuse be that I want to learn my inventions to account. Should I again be able to assist you in any undertaking, after this house-furnishing, by some profits on writing, you no doubt are aware how happy I shall be; — I shall be all readiness, whenever it is in my power, — but that you know as well as I do. I shall expect a letter from you before the middle of next month, — glad enough that matters of business enforce you to be my correspondent. Give my love to your children, — and send it to Sophy.

Yours truly
Chas. Brown.